

126 *The Renowned History of*  
Murrain, every Cow that slipt her  
Calf, she was accountable for: If a  
Horse had the Staggers, she was sup-  
posed to be in his Head; and when-  
ever the Wind blew a little harder  
than ordinary, *Goody Giles* was play-  
ing her Tricks, and riding upon a  
Broomstick in the Air. These, and  
a thousand other Phantasies, too ri-  
diculous to recite, possessed the Pates  
of the common People: Horse-shoes  
were nailed with the Heels upwards,  
and many Tricks made Use of, to  
mortify the poor Creature; and such  
was their Rage against her, that they  
petitioned Mr. *Williams*, the Parson  
of the Parish, not to let her come to  
Church; and, at last, even insisted  
upon it: But this he over-ruled, and  
allowed the poor old Woman a Nook  
in one of the Isles to herself, where  
she muttered over her Prayers in the  
best

*Mrs. MARGERY TWO-SHOES.* 127  
best Manner she could. The Parish,  
thus disconcerted and enraged, with-  
drew the small Pittance they allowed  
for her Support, and would have re-  
duced her to the Necessity of starv-  
ing, had she not been still assisted by  
the benevolent Mr. *Williams*.

But I hasten to the Sequel of my  
Story, in which you will find, that  
the true Source from whence Witch-  
craft springs is *Poverty, Age, and Ig-  
norance*; and that it is impossible for a  
Woman to pass for a Witch, unless  
she is *very poor, very old*, and lives in a  
Neighbourhood where the People are  
*void of common Sense*.

Some Time after, a Brother of her's  
died in *London*, who, though he would  
not part with a Farthing while he  
lived, at his Death was obliged to  
leave her five thousand Pounds,  
that he could not carry with him.

—This